The Occaſion of Writing this Life.

HAd there been any hope, Tomaſo's *malice wou'd ever have had an end, I had expected it; but ſeeing that my ſuffring one injury, but invited a ſecond, and that a third, &c. and that, as my patience at firſt heapt hot burning coals upon his head, ſo afterwards it poured Oyle upon the Fire, and made it but flame the more; I knew not what Reſolution to take. I knew him a man of a dangerous Tongue, and therefore deſired to have nothing to do with him; not that I feared what he cou'd ſay of me, but only, what I cou'd ſay of him, being loth to uſe the advantage I had over him; but ſince he wou'd needs urge me, and there was no end of his malice: I reſolv'd at laſt, if a little ſprinkling wou'd not quench the fire, to caſt on whole Cataracts, but I wou'd do't; however, I owe him for this ſecurity, that I cannot make him more mine enemy then he is.*

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LIFE OF TOMASO THE Wanderer:

AN EPITOME.

LICENSED
According to Order.

Printed for the Author 1667

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OF

THOMASO

THE

Wanderer.

AN EPIC POEM.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

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To Mr. Thomas Killigrew.

SIR,

THE *idle Time I was wont to ſpend at Playes, I employ more profitably in writing* Tomaſo's *Life; who being a perſon not unknown unto You; I ſhall ſend it to You, as I writ it to Peruſe, that having paſt your Approbation, it may afterwards more confidently appear abroad: So ſhall I do a good office to the publick, (for 'tis a work of no leſs profit and inſtruction, to ſet forth* Vice *foul and ugly, to deteſt and avoid it, then* Vertue

fair and lovely to embrace and follow it) and in particular, Sir, declare how much I am,

Your humble and
Obedient Servant
Richard Flecknoe.

THE

THE LIFE OF Tomaſo the Wanderer.

PROEMIUM.

WV'Ave had ful many famous Wights,
Some ſtyl'd Squires, *and others* (Knights,
Who for Armes, as well as Artes
Were counted men of Excellent Parts.
As Sir Hudibras *for fighting.*
Gregory Nonſence *for his writing.*
Archy *for a crafty Courtier.*
Muckle John *for making ſport there.*
Coriat *one that lov'd to wander:*
And Squire Apple-John *for pander.*
Clancy *for a Furb and Cheater;*
(*None e're knew the ſlights of't better:*
But for all (*I'le boldly ſay ſo,*)
None more famous then Tomaſo.

But to leave Verſe, and fall to Proſe.

BEing to write *Tomaſo*'s Life, I know not well what ſtyle to write it in; for, he's too vicious for Raillerie, and not worth a ſerious thought; but he's more fit for the Satyrical ſtyle, leſs fit he's for any other; in that it ſhall be then.

He was one born to diſcredit all the Profeſſions he was of; the *Traveller*, *Courtier*, *Soldier*, *Writer*, and the *Buffoon*, in all: All which we ſhall Treat of, ſeverally and apart, after w'ave told you his Nature and Diſpoſition.

Of his Nature and Diſpoſition.

HE was ſo ill Natur'd, as he car'd not in whoſe light he ſtood, ſo he might ſee; nor whom he indamag'd, ſo he might gain by it; and if he had a kindneſs for any one, 'twas only for being as vicious as himſelf: So even his good Nature was but an effect of his *ill*; and his *ill* in every thing predominant.

He thought all the World made for him

him, and he for none; and that all wisdom consisted in keeping his own, and getting as much as he could of another Man's.

He was another *Titus* reverst, and thought he had lost a day when he had harm'd and mischiev'd none; and was so pernicious to every one, as if that saying be true, that *one man is a Wolf unto another*; 'twas never more verified then in him; so as if King *Lucius* were alive agen, he'd give more for freeing the Land from him alone, then formerly he did for all the *Wolves* together.

How he Wandred Abroad.

HE talks of *Banishment*, but 'tis well known he was forc'd to fly his Country for debt, long before any other Banishment was talked of, and he bandited himself but as Citizens turn Bankerouts to couzen their Creditors. *Besides*,

To add to his evil nature as evil Arts, he went abroad, and in *Italy* studied the *Putana Errante*, the *Picaro* in *Spain*, and all the *Fripons* and *Friponeries* in *France*, till he had perfectly learnt all their Arts, and was compleatly qualified to deboish and couzen every one.

To tell you of his *Deboisheries* I shou'd offend all modest ears; and I wou'd I had some qualifying Term, to call his deceits and Cozenages by, (for to call every thing by their proper Names is course, and savouring of Rusticity;) but be the name what it will, the thing's the same.

'Twere endless to tell you how he deceiv'd and coz'ned every one, of all Qualities, Nations, and Religions, *Jews, Italians, Courtesans, &c.* but especially those of his own Country; nor was ever any more adopted for't then he, who was flattering and insinuating, and had learnt of *Lysander*, that as Children are coz'ned with *Nuts* and *Apples*, so Men are with *good words* and *fair promises*; and he was so wrapt up in craft and dissimulation, as you might sooner peel a *Bulbus* Root out of all his Rinds, then unfold him out of all his subtilties; and sweep an Earthen Flore to its last grain of dust, then come to an end of his dissimulation. So wandred he up and down, (~~worse then a Mountebank, for he cures Men, but *Temase* made them worse; those sell Druggs, but he *Fumo*, or smoak, and their Receipts were for others, but his was for himself,~~) till finding no more abroad, to cozen and deboish

deboiſh, without which there was no living for him; (the one maintaining the other, and either him,) he return'd home at laſt, and might well ſay with *Buſcon* his fellow-Wanderer:

Con l' Art e con l' Inganno
Vivo l' mezzo part l' Anno;
Con l' Inganno e con l' Art,
Vivo l' Altra mezzo part.

That is in Engliſh,

With my Art, and with deceit,
Part of my Living I do get,
And I get the other part
With deceit and with my Art.

Being return'd, he fell to practiſing at home the Artes he had learnt abroad, and had a more profitable field for it, though not ſo ample as he had before.

How he was a Courtier.

ALthough he had a better place in Court, then he deſerved, yet he would needs add the *Buffoon*'s place unto it, as more ſuitable to his humour and diſpoſition, and more priviledge to abuſe and raile at every one: there being none of any Dignity in *Church* or *State* whom he had not ſaucily abus'd with his leud and ſcurrilous Tongue; for he was of a bold abuſive wit; and whilſt others took care of what they ſaid, he talkt madly, *daſh*, *daſh*, and never car'd how he be ſpatter'd others, or defil'd himſelf, ſparing neither his own, nor others ſhames; and his impudent boldneſs was all his wit, with which he caus'd Laughter, but 'twas rather forc'd then natural, and as they laught at miſchief, ſo they laught at him; his Jeſts having always ſomewhat of malice in them, and he being the worſt ſort of *Satyr*, not againſt *Vice*, but *Vertue*; a profeſt enemy to all that were Vertuous, and never pardoning Vertue in any one.

So he was a perpetual Libel in the Court of others, and to others of the Court;

Court; and they but repeated his bold ſpeeches, when they wou'd ſpeak ill of it, though the worſt they cou'd ſay of it, was only that he was one of it.

Whence if the *Court* (as they ſay) be a *Heaven* or *Firmament*, where the Prince is the *Sun*, and other Courtiers, (as they are nigh to him in place) bright ſhining Stars, he certainly was a dark Cloud obſcuring all the reſt, and the Court wou'd ſhine far brighter if he were but away.

How he was a Soldier.

DUring the Warrs, not to be a *Soldier*, he made himſelf a *Captain*, and to ſcape fighting, has continued ſo ever ſince, his Sword being ſo little able to boaſt its blood, as all its nobility lyes in the *Hylt* and *Belt*; and it derives its honour more from the Scabbard then the Blade.

All the Employment he had during the Warrs, was now and then to bring up a Convoy of Wenches to the Camp, (a ſort of terrible Engins of War, that do as much harm and execution by *Land*, as Fire-Ships do by *Sea*) whence he gain'd the honour-

able Title of *Pimp-Master General* of the Army; in which office he continued till (chiefly for his sins) his side at last being overcome; he, as from some common ship-wrack was the first that sav'd himself; and so he were safe, car'd not what became of all the rest.

Of his second Expedition.

I Could tell you, but that 'twere too long a digression, how in this his second Expedition, *Cum Privilegio* of *Cavalier* and *Royalist*, he coz'ned more in the *Kings* name, then ever Constable apprehended, or Judge condemned. Only I will say that if he fleec't them before, he flay'd them now; and *plain Coz'nage* might have past for *Honesty*, compar'd to the tricks, slights, projects and inventions, which he had to cozen them, especially his own Countrymen; so as his name became as formidable to 'um as ever *Drakes* was to the *Spaniards*, or *Talbots* to the *French*; and so it has continued ever since. And in this, and his first going abroad it was, when he fell to writing Plays, and h'ad good witness, he cou'd write one in a day, or two; imagine but what stuff it must be the whilst. *Of*

Of his Writings.

'TIs a great Commendation for a man to be, *tam marte quam mercurio*; as good at *Artes* and *Armes*; and ſo was he, for he was good at neither; yet he would needs be writing, though he could not ſpell, and be an Author, without *Rhyme* or *Reaſon*; and without any other learning, then only that of *vice* and *debaucherie*: Whence his writings were ſo *ſcurrilous* and *prophane*, as for leſs, the *Heathens* baniſht their Writers ~~Comedy~~, and the *Chriſtians* burn their writings by the hand of common Hang-men, for leſs *Martial's* Poet was damn'd, when forc'd by the *Furies* to confeſs his crime, he only cry'd out *Scripſi*, that *he had writ*: and whilſt others ſhall have other Books at the latter day produced againſt them, he ſhall only need his own to condemn him and thouſands ~~others too~~ more; (there's ſo much of the *Devil* and of *Tomaſo* in them) but that fevv or none ever

read

read what he has writ, excepting only such as are so bad already, his writings cannot make them worse, and so corrupted, as they cannot corrupt them more.

Which he perceiving, was so impudent to bring them upon the stage, to infect that with it too, by which he has frighted all chast ears from thence, and will all the rest in time, if he may have but his Playes Acted, or the appointing of those which are.

Of his Religion.

OF his *Religion* I say nothing, since he had none at all, (having left it long before that he might make no scruple nor conscience of any thing) and your *Athiest* and *Heathen* were Names too serious for him, who only made a mockery of it, and counted it all a cheat; *Devotion*, foppery; *Scripture*, fabulous; *Heaven* and *Hell*, nothing; and *Gods* and *Fiends*, only inventions of men to fright and terrifie Fools from being as bravely wicked as himself; who laught and made a fool of *Machiavel*, for holding that none could be extreamly vicious.

L' Envoy.

FOr his Diſeaſes I will not touch them, not to defile my ſelf, who had truckt vic es for diſeaſes ſo long, till he had enough to furniſh an Hoſpital; nor will I deſcribe his *Perſon*, who being a Monſter of a man, I ſhou'd ſhame and diſhonour Humanity to ſet him forth in any humane ſhape; imagine him as ugly as you pleaſe, whilſt I declare his ugly qualities.

Onely to make an end of depainting him, He is moſt commonly pictur'd with a *Dog*, the right embleme of his diſpoſition; only a *Maſtive* is too generous a beaſt for him, it ſhou'd have been rather ſome moungril Cur, always craving, and never ſatisfied, fawning on his greateſt enemies to ſerve his ends, and thoſe once ſerv'd, barking at his deareſt friends; by which *Dog-tricks* of his, as he was an enemy to all, ſo he made every one an enemy to him.

Thus have I briefly and in *Epitome*, ſet forth his Life, reſerving the making his Hiſtory more at large, untill I ſhall hear that he is not content with this.

FINIS.

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